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BOT
BIRDS**

*'The damp
crotch of her
tight white
panties...'*

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letters
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EDITORIAL

On meeting someone for the first time, and they learn what I do for a living, the usual response is, "You lucky, lucky bastard!" Well, I wouldn't deny that I occupy a rather enviable position, but I'd swap it tomorrow to be a fighter pilot like Flight Lieutenant Ken Moore cruising the skies above Bosnia in search of rogue fliers (Torque Talk page 52). If only I wasn't afraid of flying...

I do apologise for the somewhat confused nature of this piece. But I have a good excuse: a girl called Sara and three bottles of red wine. You see, being the editor of Britain's best men's magazine opens the odd door or two. Okay, so they're usually only bar room doors, but on this occasion my lofty position slipped me into a pal's private club for an exclusive preview of a prize winning art exhibition. Unfortunately the only exhibition I can recall is the one I made of myself under the table with Sara and those bottles of wine. Believe me, it would take more than the winning ways of monster soccer agent and subject of our interview, Eric Hall, (above right and page 26) to get me out of the bother it's landed me in. Not as bad as my pal, though, who woke up with a chair in his bath this morning. Just don't ask. It's another instance of us men being the weaker sex (see page 18 for details!).

Never mind. I think I'll just open another bottle of red and take a long, lingering look at our Girl Next Door, Sharon. I wonder if she fancies a night under a table? Cheers.

the editor

The problem is, us grown-up men... Ever since Adam said to Eve that... to the local for a quick skintful... been getting up to no good - no matter how hard we try to go straight. Mayfair looks at our little peccadilloes and asks: are men the weaker sex?

MEN BEHAVING BADLY

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Letters

Send your naughty stories, sexy experiences
and rude writes to Letters, Mayfair Magazine,
2 Archer Street, London W1V 8JJ

SEX ON THE MENU

Full marks for the fabulous pictures of naughty Suzie in the last luscious issue (Vol 30 No 7).

She's totally fuckable, especially because she's a dead-ringer for a lady who provided me with the highlight of my illustrious sexual career!

Gayle's husband works away, and she's not short of a few quid. Despite this, and to the bemusement of her friends, Gayle took a job waitressing. Gayle's a lovely elegant leggy blonde, and having tried to pull her on several occasions, I was thrilled to discover why she enjoyed working.

Meeting a business acquaintance in the bar of the hotel where Gayle worked, I spent the next hour listening to him recount how he persuaded a beautiful blonde waitress to visit his suite the previous night, bringing room service with a smile – and a shag! He told me he'd arranged for her to return that night, asking if I'd like to join them.

Ready for an adventure, we took our drinks upstairs; I nearly choked on mine when the door opened to reveal Gayle! Having been unsuccessful at bedding her in the past, I thought she might have second thoughts. Luckily, when she saw the pair of us she was so horny that she just slammed the door behind us and began to strip!

From the

same mould as the delectable Suzie, Gayle's soft blonde hair was complimented by expensive black lingerie – my favourite prick-pleasing combination.

Stripped to her stockings, she smiled, saying it was my turn to be sucked off, as my friend had been treated the night before. The glorious vision of Gayle's lip-glossed mouth stretching round my rod made me groan. Leaving a faint shimmer of red lipstick on my shaft, she built up a perfect deep, sucking rhythm.

I don't know how I managed to hold back as long as I did, Gayle's bobbing movements strengthening as our host licked her out. Gayle's orgasmic cries were muffled by my bloated boner filling her mouth.

The photo of Suzie lying splay-legged on her stomach gives you some idea of what I enjoyed next. Gayle's hole was so wet and tight that with each thrust, her slick love-muscles gave me a powerful squeeze. Responding to her pleas to ram even harder, I whacked into her until I

came. Relaxing on the bed, I then watched the insatiable Gayle bury my mate's face up to the ears in tit-flesh as she rode him like a fairground ride.

Having enjoyed Gayle's corporate hospitality, the three of us shared some wine until she had to go back to work, leaving me in no doubt that she was a definite asset to the hotel! Please indulge me again and print some more pics of Suzie, preferably in black lace! – Ken, North Wales

AN OVER THE DESK JOB

Running my own design consultancy firm, the bank manager didn't take much persuading to give me a loan. The only cloud came when I was about to leave, and he dropped into the conversation

the fact that his 18-year-old daughter was interested in a similar career, asking if I'd mind giving her some work experience. Purely to stay in his good books, I agreed. However, I soon discovered that every cloud has a silver lining. Sweet little Jess turned

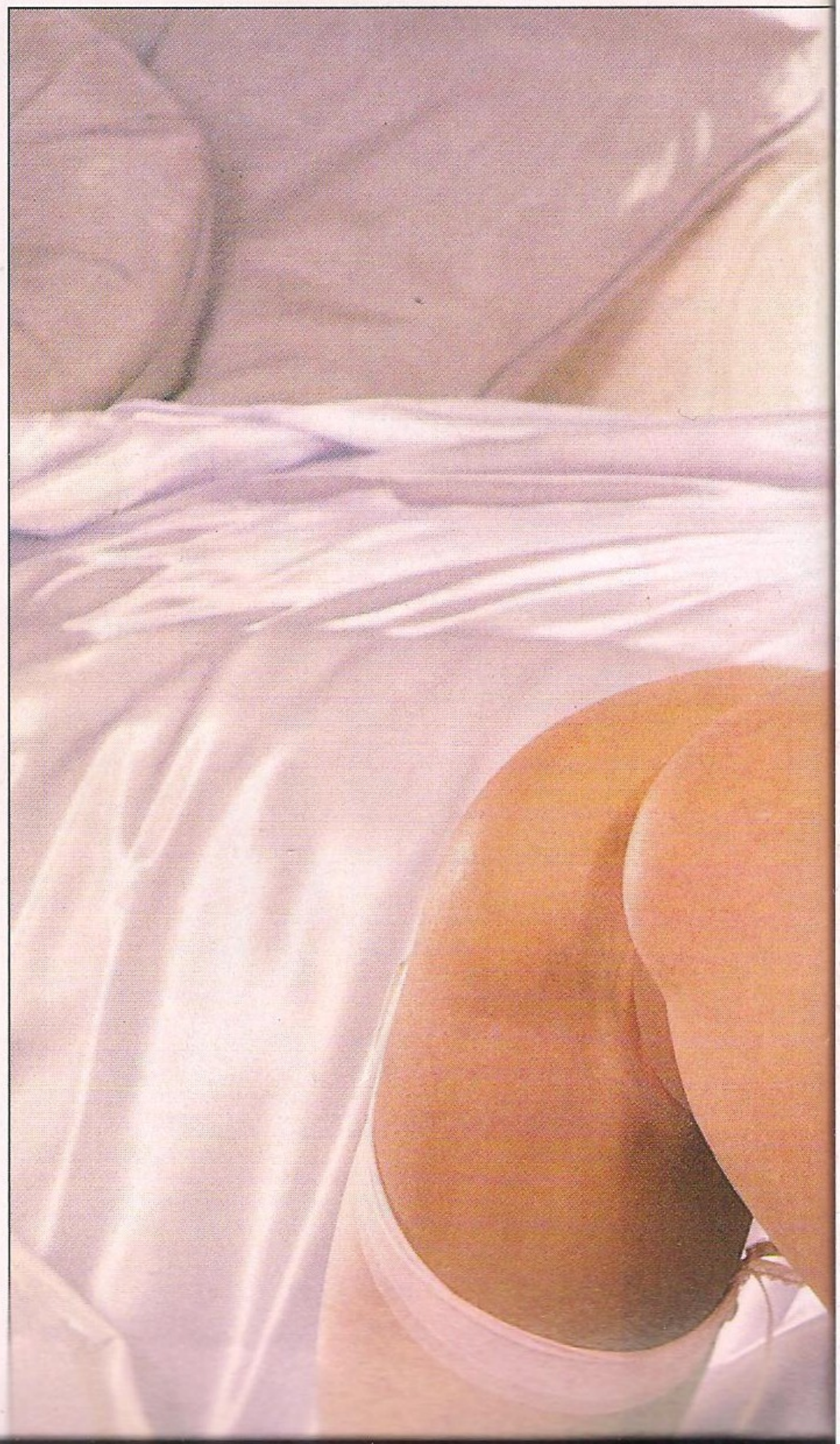
CONTINUED ON PAGE 35



PHOTOGRAPHS
BY
MARIA CLARKE



Latent lipstick lezzie, Lisa-Ann is desperate for a dyke to make her dream come true. "I've fantasised about a female tongue on my fanny for ages," says the 22-year-old from Teddington. "And I've created the perfect girly room for my dyke debut!" Silk sheets, satin bedspreads and lashings of lace make her lezzie chamber the perfect passion palace. "I roll around on my big white bed dreaming of a slim blonde's taut tongue teasing my nipples, her nimble fingers gently flicking my clitty. Oh God! You've got me all worked up again..." 









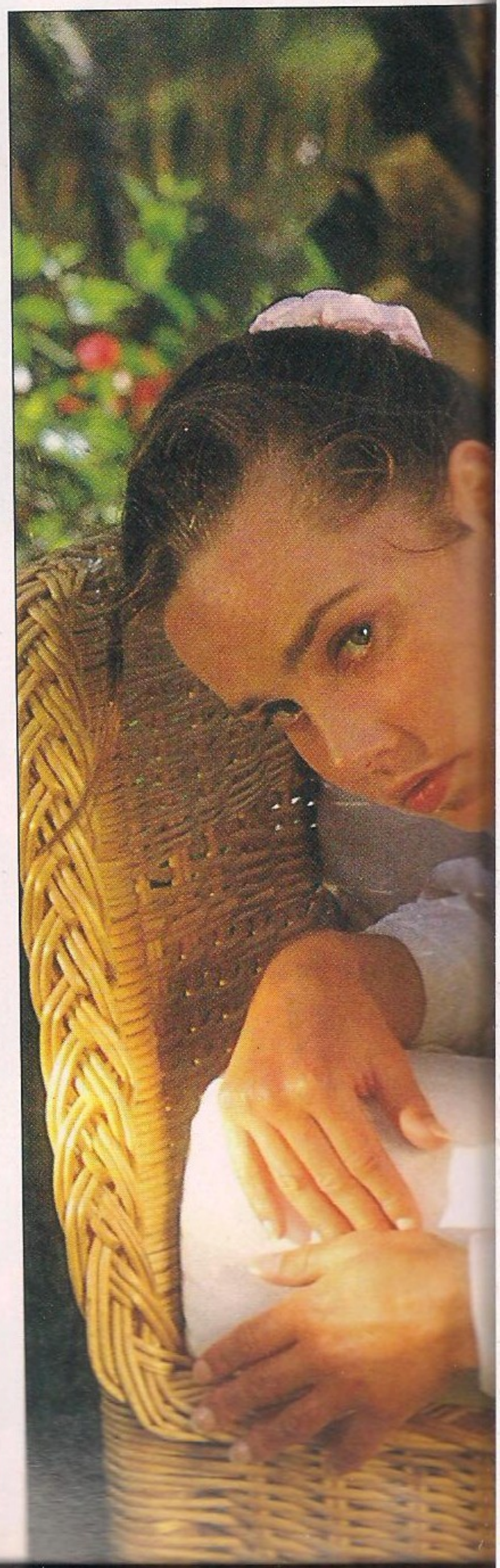


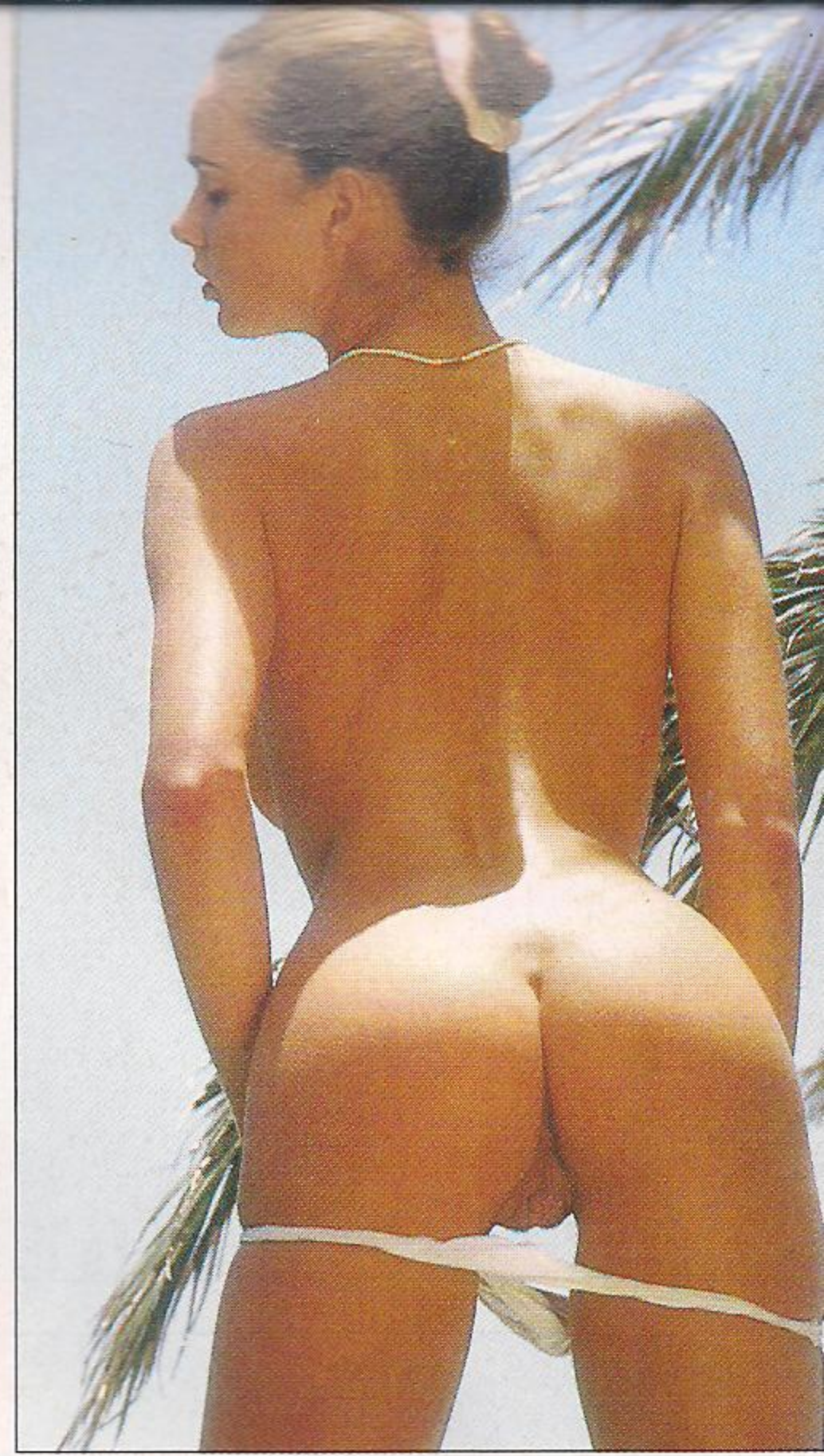


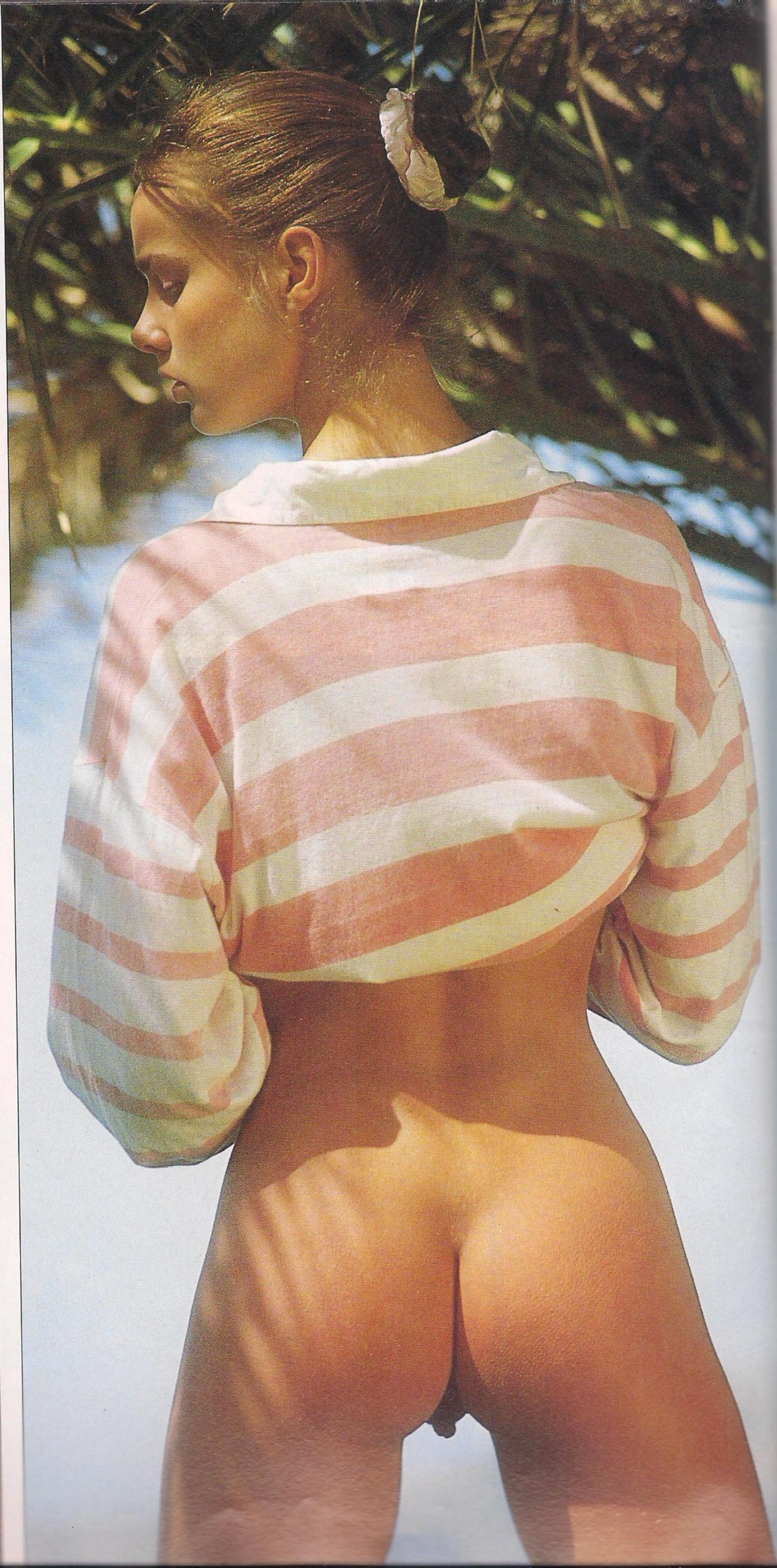
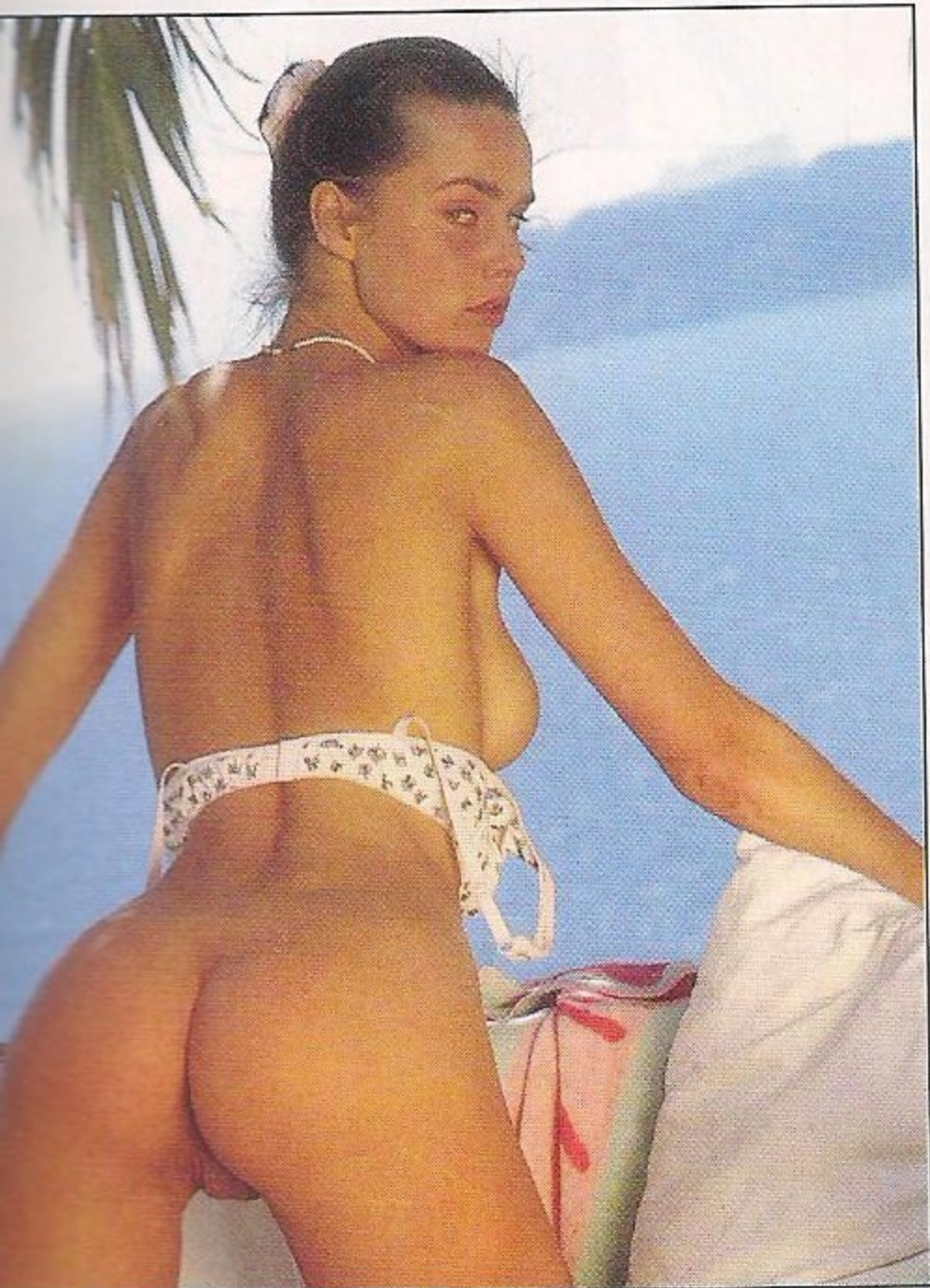
MONICA

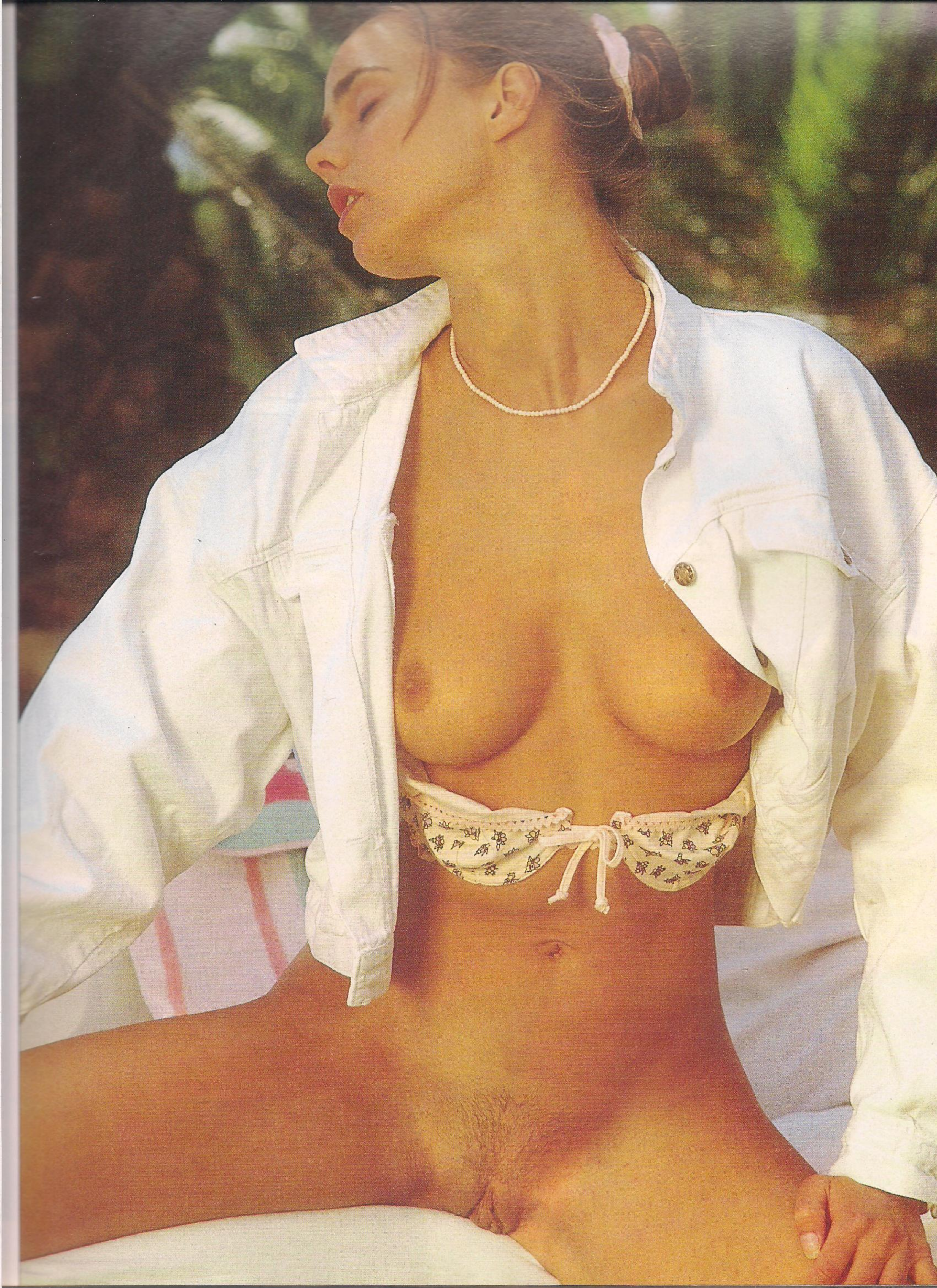
PHOTOGRAPHS
BY
MAX GOLDBLUM

The beautiful brown curves of Monica Hargreaves, the 21-year-old beach babe from Bournemouth, are a secret to all but a few lucky fellas. "I'm not an outgoing girl, all tarty clothing and saucy talk, I'm serious about sex and save showing my most private parts for the right guys." But Monica, you're in *Mayfair*... "The right guys read *Mayfair*," she says simply. "It's the only magazine I know that could capture my subtle sensuality. I adore sex but in a romantic rather than an animal way. A man gently kissing my nipples, working his way down to my pussy and teasing it with his tongue whilst my hands explore the firm contours of his body. I've never been one for a frantic knee-trembler, I'm afraid!" That's OK, Monica, we're in no hurry. (M)









insight

MEN BEHAVING BADLY

Old Favourites Vs Funky

Fashion

Year in, year out, the fashion designers come up with their new crazy collections. Long skirts, short skirts, see-through skirts, no skirts, trousers with no bum, knickers with Chanel written on the crotch. Kate Moss and Co. prance up and down the catwalk persuading men to get their credit cards out and splash the cash on a new outfit that will make his girl look like a dodgy bird in an pricey frock. The thing is, it's all a huge waste of time and money because if was left to us men, fashion would consist of black

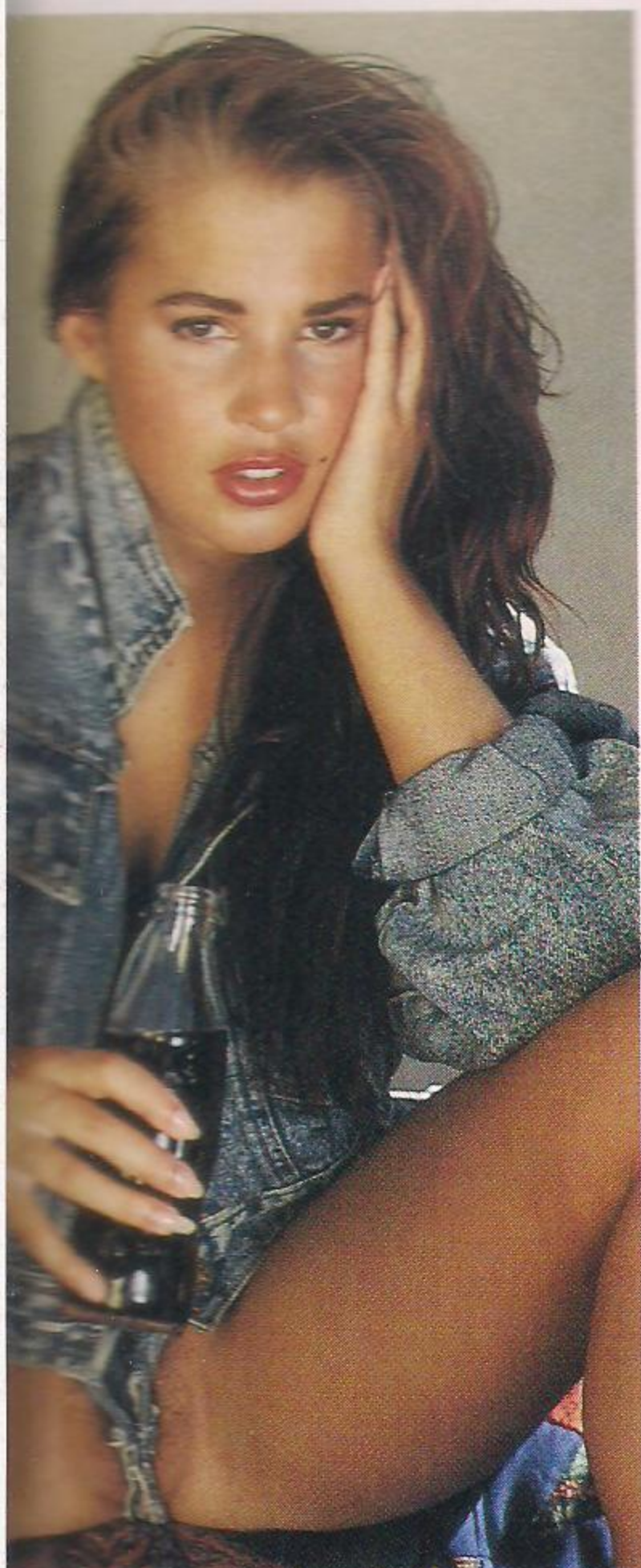
stockings, black suspenders, postage-stamp black panties, a Wonderbra and sod-all else. It doesn't matter how many daft and different new ideas Vivienne Westwood comes up with each season, all us men really want to see is the same old sexy standard thing, thank you very much.

Top fashion tip for 1996: give her an account card at M&S and direct her to the lingerie department.

Home Brew Lager Bag

Yep, it's a blokes thing. I have never in my life met a woman who's *even remotely* interested in something as brilliant as home brew, especially one that involves nothing more complicated than pouring water into a bag full of yeast only to get 20 pints of lager three weeks later. A miracle, surely. Try explaining the benefits of a whole potato sack filled with dirt cheap beer as you fling open your shed door and proudly whisk the dust sheet off 20 bubbling bags of booze. You can't. Just like you can't see how they drink Malibu.





Flattery

If you go up to a girl at a party and say, "Excuse me, but I couldn't help noticing how beautiful you are. Your eyes are so blue I want to dive into them, your smile makes me want to cry, your skin is like porcelain... exquisite. Let me take you home and make love to you, *ma chérie*..." she will spurt out her drink and lean against the wall choking with laughter. But, if any woman does the same to *you*, you will shut your eyes and grin, nodding in agreement, compliment her on her taste and leg it back to your place with her in your arms as fast as possible so she won't have time to change her mind. Us men are total suckers for a compliment, whether it's a chat up, a quick 'hello' or even a faint smile from the barmaid ("She did! She did! She smiled at me! Bloody hell she must fancy me!"). We know it's mostly in our minds, but it's nice to live in hope... **M**



**PHOTOGRAPHS
BY
GEOFF HOWES**

**THE
K
A**

Katie Shaw is rapidly notching up more appearances in *Mayfair* than the barcode. The amazing Amazon from Hertfordshire just loves showing off her vast range of sexual characters. "I like adopting roles in bed," says the 20-year-old. "The hard bitch in boots, the snuggly bunny all kisses and cuddles or the innocent virgin! This time I'm the half-tamed tribeswoman, taken from the jungle and taught the ways of love by an English gentleman. All I need is the gentleman to take this clawing, biting island girl and strip off her crude clothes and slowly seduce her in his bed. Any offers?" **M**









interview

ball world having been an old showbiz man. So I took a different approach. I didn't just look for boot deals with Adidas or whatever, I looked for fashion spreads. I didn't just want my clients on *Sportsnight* or *Grandstand*, I wanted them on *Blankety Blank* and *Crackerjack*. The majority of players you see on those kind of shows are my clients. I know the power of television. It's a monster, monster medium.

JV. Your relationship with the football authorities has sometimes seemed less than cordial. Is that a fair impression?

EH. I think it was like that in the past but things are better now. If I see Graham Kelly (FA Chief Executive) I always give him a nice cigar and we're very pally.



Wise moves: Hall leaves court after another successful battle

JV. Your image – flashy suits, big cigars, jewellery – seems to upset some of the people who run the game. Do you enjoy the reaction?

EH. They say I'm the most flamboyant and controversial agent in the business but I don't believe that. I've always worn bright clothes. I hate dull, drab things. Even in the height of summer I have all the lights on in my house; I hate darkness. But, you know, if you ask me a straight question I'll give you a straight answer. Most agents in their pin-stripe suits are the pretenders, not me. People think I'm an actor but I'm not. I'm natural. I've always been like this. Ask anyone from my old showbiz days. Ask Cliff Richard, ask Cilla Black, ask Elton John, ask Malcolm McLaren.

JV. The FA have talked about setting up some kind of licensing authority for agents, as FIFA have already done. Do you think it's a good idea?

EH. Not at all. I think it's a restraint of trade. I think there must be some restrictions up to a point. But I don't want to have other people coming and telling me what I can and can't do. And the way I see it, they (FIFA) are saying that anybody who can put up a bond of

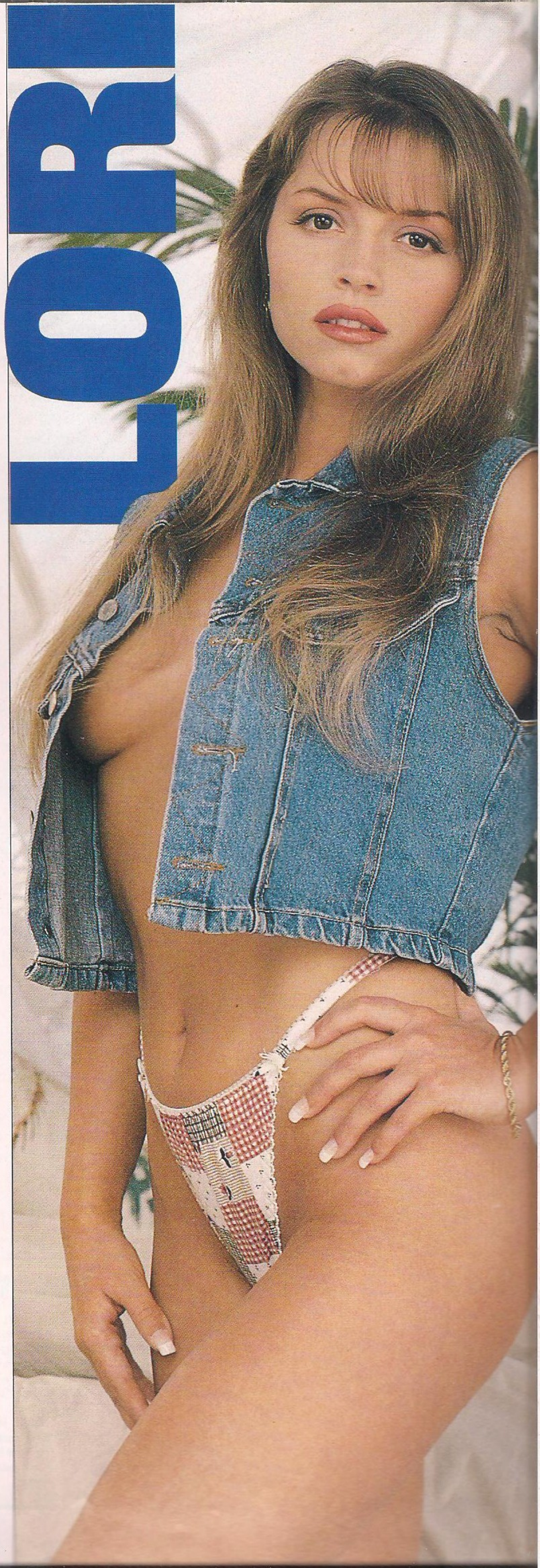
£100,000 can have a licence. I don't think that's fair. I don't break any rules, that's a fact. I can't afford to. Yet the first guy to get one of these new licences is Rune Hauge! (The Norwegian agent whose cash gift to George Graham cost the Arsenal boss his job.)

JV. Without these kinds of restrictions though, how is it possible to weed out unscrupulous agents?

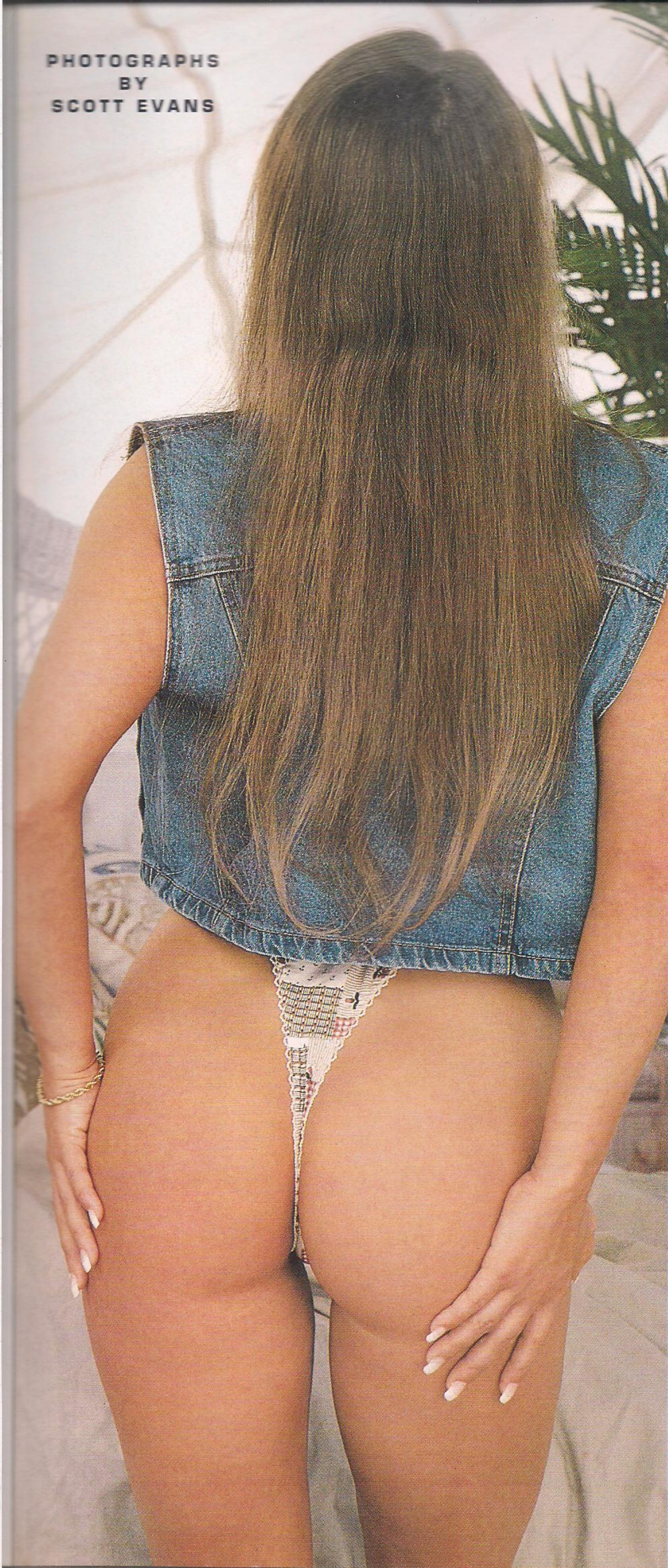
EH. I don't know, but I don't think this will. All it's doing is opening the door for every Tom, Dick and Harry with 100 grand to be an agent.

JV. Finally. . . You have a reputation for being a very tough negotiator. You once said you'd do business with the devil. If you did, who do you think would get the best deal, the devil or Eric Hall?

JV. I never actually said that. Friends say to me, "Eric, you said you'd do business with the devil". I say, "I never said I'd do business with the devil. But, on the other hand, let's see what the devil has to offer." **M**



PHOTOGRAPHS
BY
SCOTT EVANS



Look out, lads, here's a lady who can out-drink you, outdance you and then give you a good gobble on the way home! "People take the piss out of my pints of lager in the pub," says the Lewisham "lad", "but I'm buggered if I'm going to the bar every ten minutes!" As well as strong Stella, the very loud and lusty Lori likes big bikes, leather and ripped denim, arcade games, arm-wrestling, metal music and... err... blow jobs! "It's a good laugh, snogging a sausage," she says with a deafening giggle that could shatter cement at fifty paces. "All the different shapes and sizes." But what about the taste, Lori? "Hmm. Why do you think I drink so much flipping lager?" 









MAYFAIR REQUEST SPOT

AN

PHOTOGRAPHS
BY
JACK HARRISON



You asked for it! Give us a girl in full riding gear, you said, and Anna was the natural choice. The 20-year-old horsewoman spends all her spare time in boots and jodhpurs, and not just when she's riding her pony, Pip. "My fella's always asking me to make love in my leather boots," says the Somerset sexpot. "Of course I let him — so long as I can smack his bottom with my crop to stop him flagging! As rides go, I'm certainly an exciting one." **M**















Monday

Wake up starving and scoff the remains of a cold fried rice take away found lurking by the fridge. The student wanders in, looks at the empty take away carton and says, "Funny. Thought the cat's litter tray was full when I went to bed." We left her still shrieking "Joke! Joke!"

In dire need of a drink we enter The Old Windmill which dates from the 16th Century, as do most of the clientele. Browns, inside a Hitler's bunker of a concrete shopping precinct, is better. Except for fucking Paul Weller. Jim's mate asks for some change. "What is it with you and change?" Jim says. "Every place we go in you ask for it." Suddenly the penny drops. "It's you, isn't it?" I yell. "I thought Paul Weller was following us like some mad homing pigeon, but it's you! You keep putting him on the juke box. Traitor!" I turned to Jim. "You've got some funny mates," I said.

"What d'you mean?" Jim replied, "I never met him till you brought him into



the pub on Friday."

"Me!" I snorted, "I never brought him, you did. I don't even know his name."

There was a cough from

Jim's un-mate. "Actually," he said with a pathetic smile, "the name's Colin, and I thought I was both your mates by now."

Call me soft, but after looking at those pleading puppyish eyes as they gazed beseechingly up at Jim and I, there was only one way to react. I twatted the bastard and wandered over to the bar... **M**



IDA



PHOTOGRAPHS
BY
MARCO MARI

Forget Carol Vorderman, here's a brainy bird who bares her boobs and doesn't rant on about washing powder. Like the tasty *Tomorrow's World* presenter, 20-year-old Melinda from Manchester is aiming for a degree in mathematics. But you don't have to be able to do hard sums to see that her figure adds up to something special. "It's not just brainless bimbos who enjoy flaunting their sexuality," she says. "But men think maths is a real turn-off. I never tell guys I want to screw what I'm studying. They might think I'm as dry as the subject – and that's the last thing I am, especially at the moment! Feel..." **M**









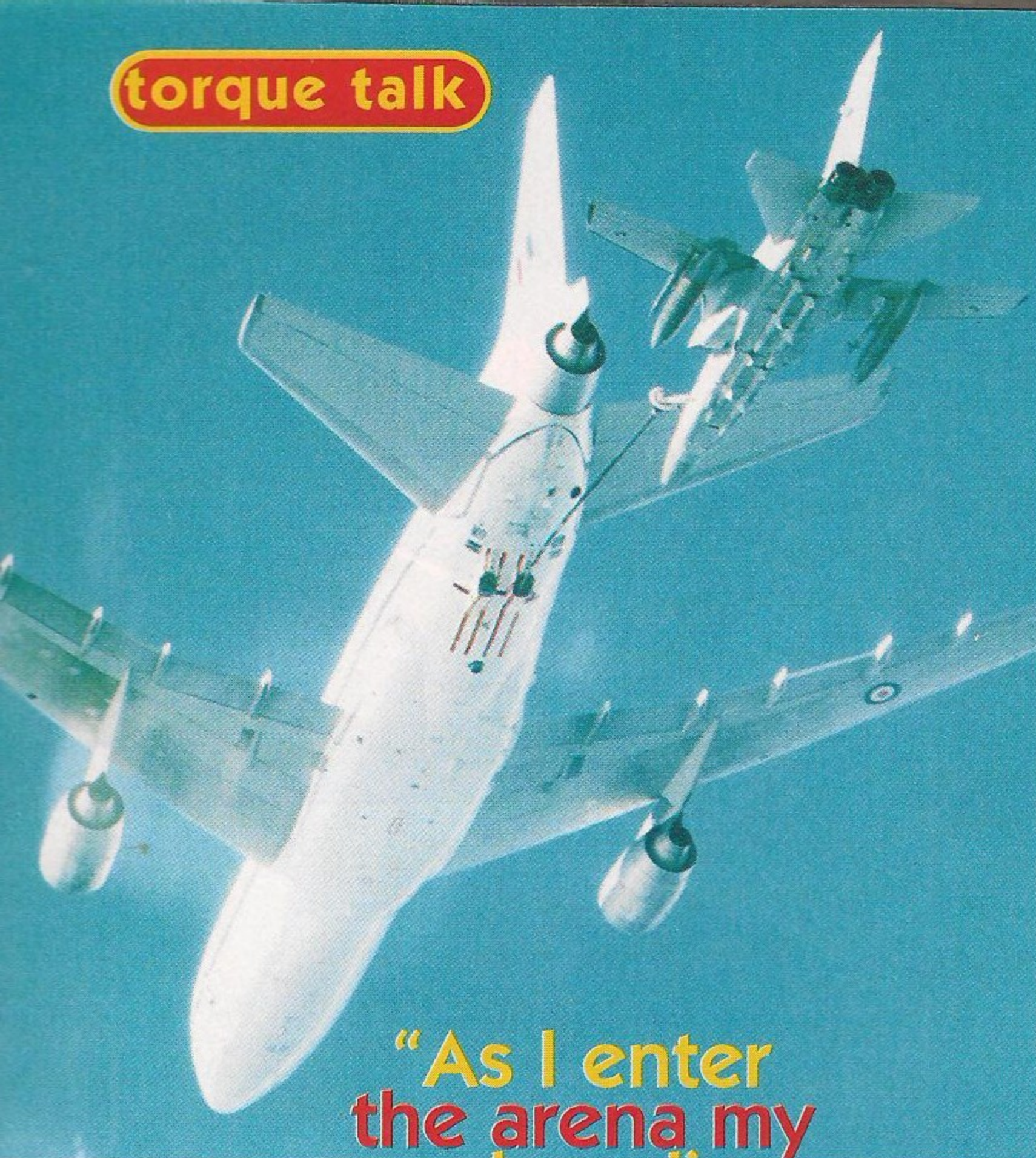
MAYFAIR

girl of the month

MELINDA







**"As I enter
the arena my
adrenalin
starts to
pump"**

Flying under the watchful eye of AWACS (the airborne radar station), I know that

someone, somewhere is watching my every move. We patrol as a pair, at a height that keeps us out of harm's way, detached from the events taking place on the ground. Our aim is to detect and report all airborne contacts. Occasionally helicopters move from town to town. As violations of the No-fly zone, each flight is reported.

During the sortie, we co-ordinate with other pairs of aircraft from various NATO nations; France, USA, Turkey and Holland. Like us, each pair has an allotted task; a designated search area or a roving patrol. I prefer the latter – there's time to take in some of the finer details of Bosnia Herzegovina. I'm unable to give specific details on exactly where I fly or what I see, but what I can say is every time I look down at a town below I think about how the landscape provides a military nightmare for the defenders. It is easy to see how a small army with light weapons could overcome a whole town from the superior vantage point of the mountains. I look down through binoculars and note the effects of previous military encounters; roads leading to non-existent bridges, villages where not one house has a roof remaining and derelict airfields. But from several thou-

sand feet these blemishes are hardly noticeable for a war-torn country, the

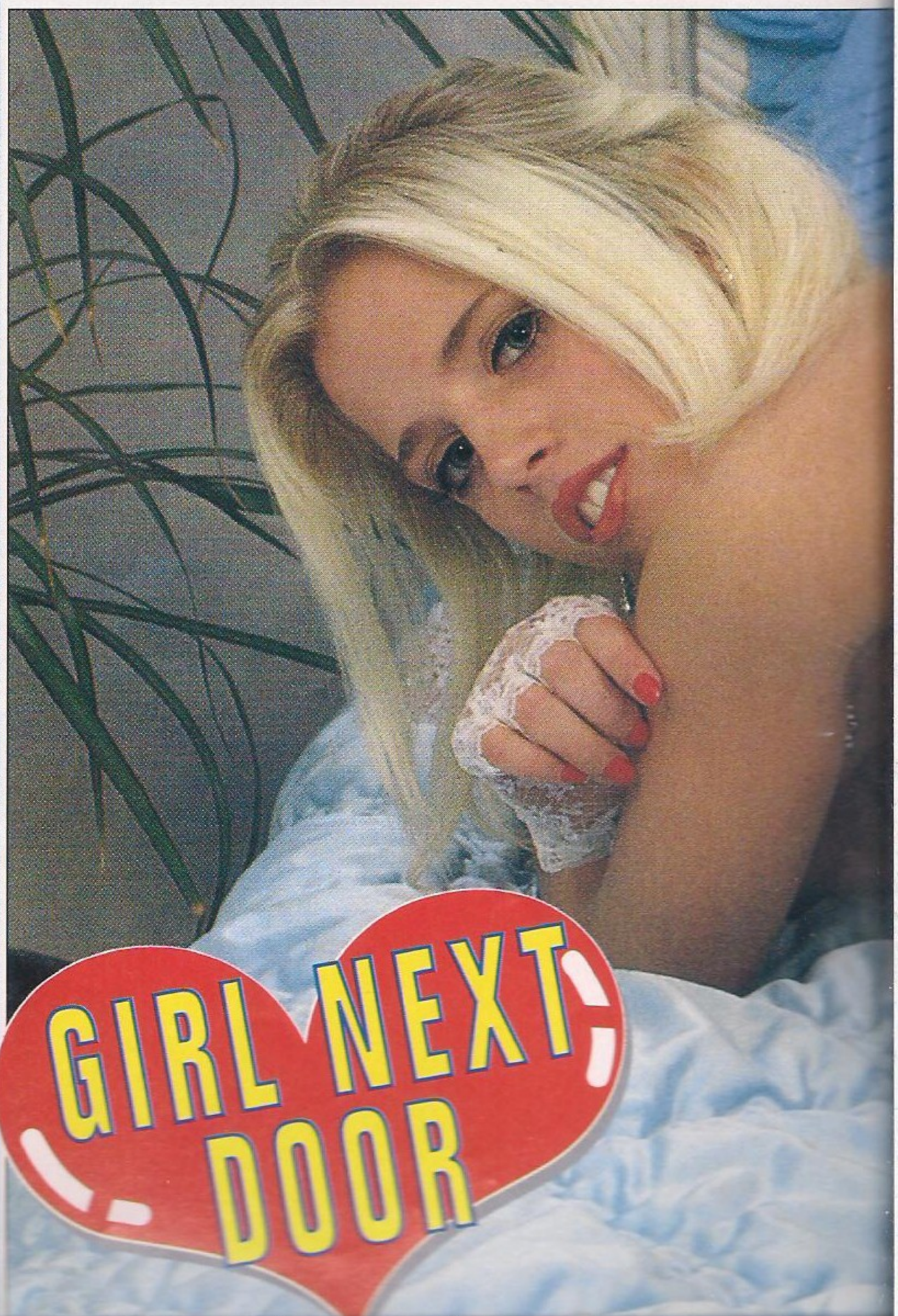
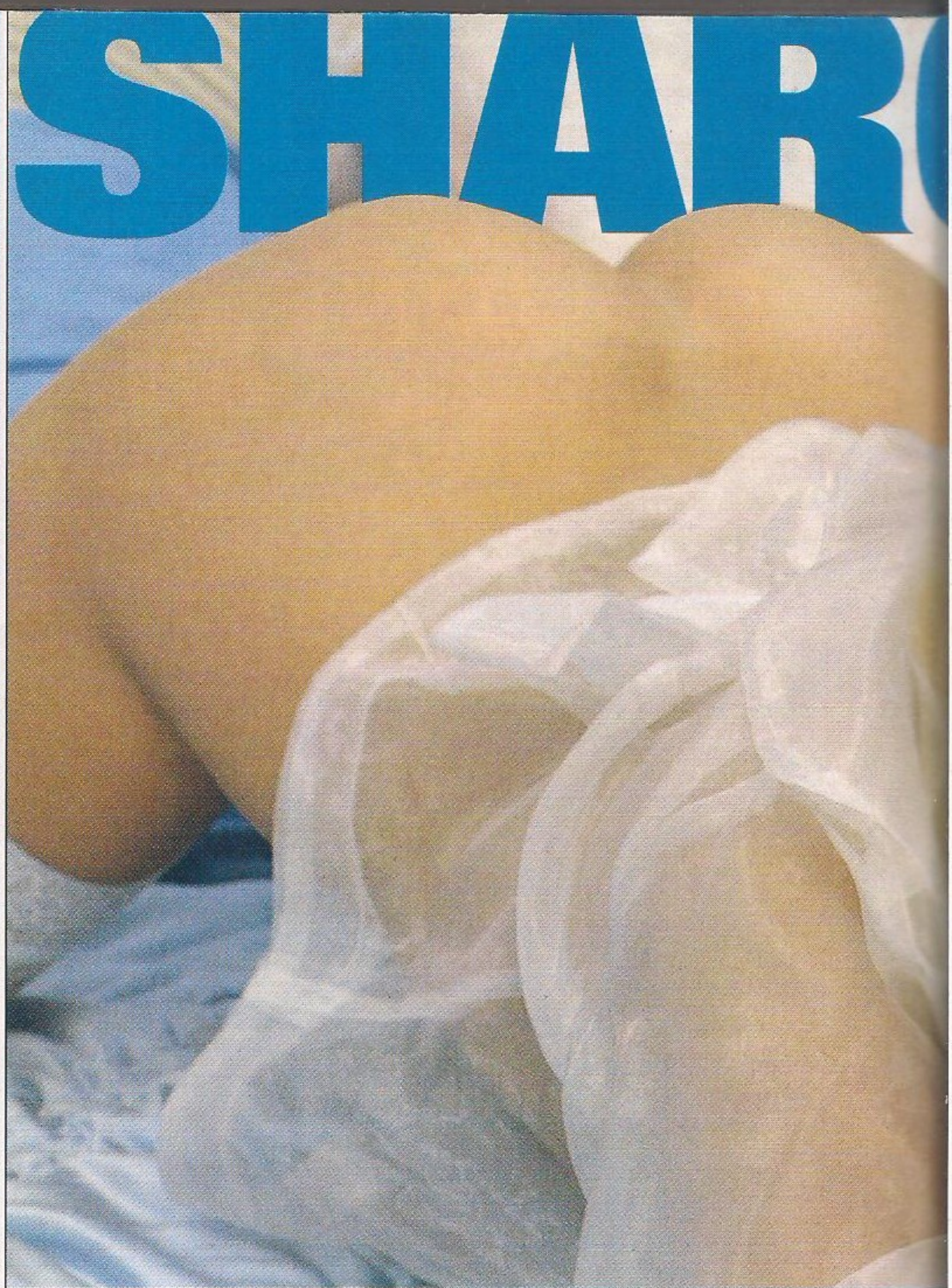
Bosnian landscape is still beautiful.

The average sortie lasts four hours and the off-task time (or time to return to base) is carved into the concrete slab that was once my backside. Four hours spent in the same seat is painful – especially if you were foolish enough to drink too much tea before the mission!

After four hours of intense concentration, the return journey takes us down the same route back to base, relieved that the mission has been a success. Air traffic lead us to a specified position so we arrive over the airfield as a close pair for the 'break'. The break is a manoeuvre where each craft descends with a spacing of "one thousand, two thousand, break". A thousand what? I wonder, but the term ensures aircraft are spaced correctly for landing.

On landing we hand the aircraft to the maintainers who will prepare it for the next mission.

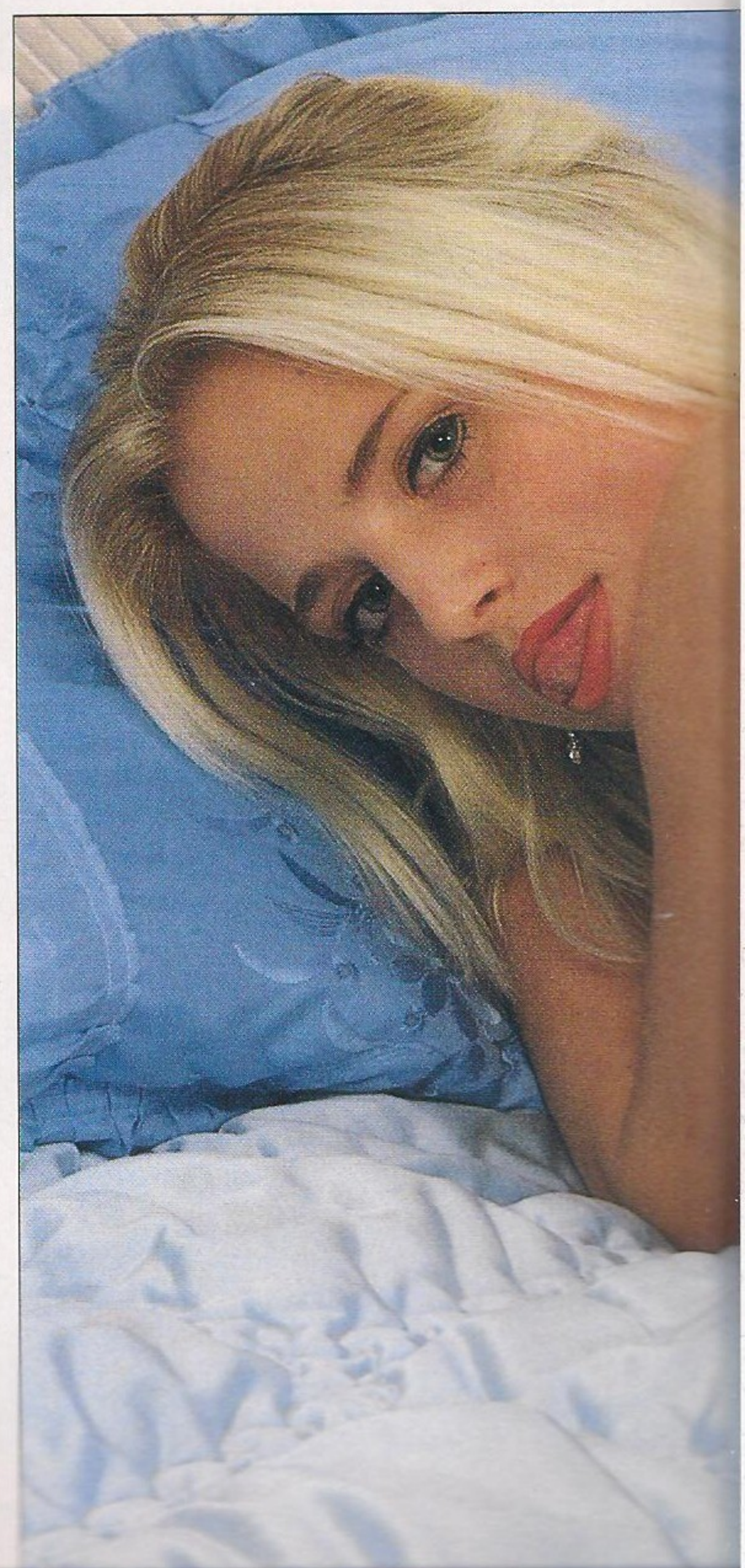
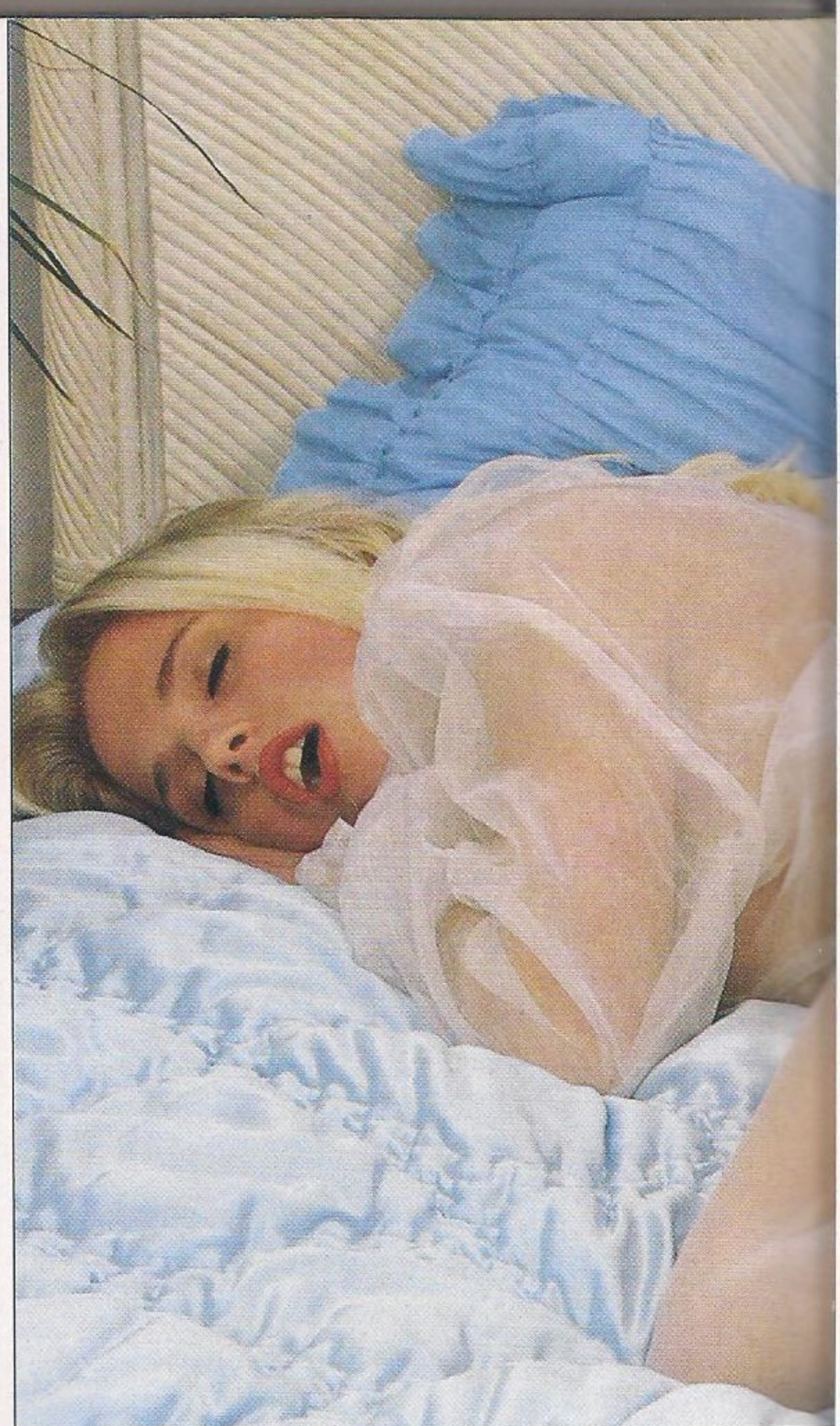
Then it's a meeting with the intelligence officer. Our information is passed on to the next crews. All equipment is returned, the mission is discussed, and we head off for a meal. Tomorrow's a 'down day', a welcome day off loitering in Italian cafes. It also means a rare lie in. **M**



**GIRL NEXT
DOOR**



Looking at her here, it's easy to see why reader RB of Luton nominated his neighbour for our *Girl Next Door* spot. But saucy Sharon who works as a shop assistant reckons nobody in their right mind would recommend her to *Mayfair* in her work gear. "I have my hair tied back, virtually no make-up and my body is hidden by a horrid pink polyester overall," moans the nubile 19-year-old. "I think it's to stop me copping off with the customers!" Sharon admits to being a full-time flirt with a passion for kissing. "I love snogging - long tongue-tangling kisses that leave him covered in lippy! I kiss every man I meet. So come here..." Now, if an ugly shop girl suddenly snogs you in the supermarket, you'll know who it is... **M**







scene from mayfair

box office

COP OFF WITH PAM!

Best known for her twin roles in *Baywatch* and, erm, *Baywatch*, Pam stretches her acting talent (and her blouse) by tackling the classic role of the tart with a heart. In *Good Cop, Bad Cop* happy hooker Sarah meets a bounty-hunter in dire need of female clothes for some undercover work. Rather than nip down to his local costume hire shop, Mace borrows Sarah's girly clothes and rushes after a decidedly nasty bail-jumper, taking Sarah for the ride.

Any film where Pam gets her life buoys out can't be all bad, even if it did go straight to video. *Good Cop, Bad Cop* easily avoids being a purile mess by keeping its tongue stuffed firmly in its cheek. The body count's high, the jokes keep on coming and the plot rattles along at a fine pace. A welcome addition to a shelf-full of *Baywatch* vids.



GRAB HOLD OF PAM'S TITS!

Fancy drooling over Miss Babewatch's lithe naked body for free? We reluctantly tore ourselves away



KATHERINE

PHOTOGRAPHS
BY
CLAUDIA PENN





Slow seduction - that's what our 22-year-old Katherine wants. "I'm fed up with quick bonks in the backs of uncomfortable cars," she says. "I want to be laid out on an antique four-poster bed, slowly stripped and then teased into a state of arousal. Slow, loving licks of my pussy lips, gentle caresses of my boobs, then some subtle stroking of my clit, that's what I want. Then and only then he can gently slide his cock into me. Easing it in, not pounding at me like a steam-hammer! If there's anyone in the Portsmouth area who can provide that, please let me know!" Aye-aye, Kath! 





Bizarre Perversions

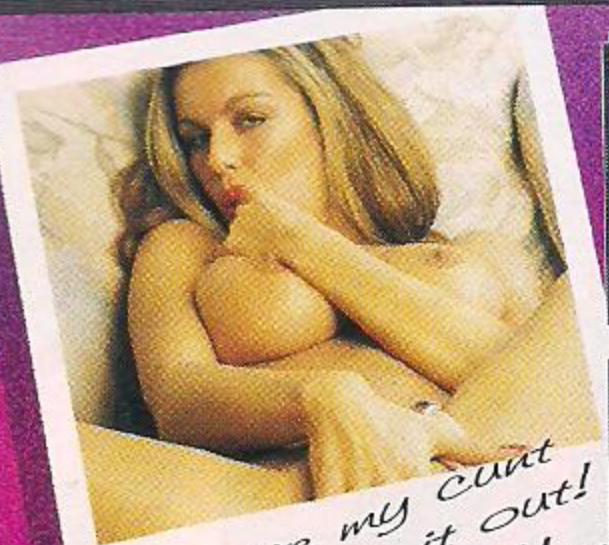
STUDENT NURSE,
CHEEKS PARTED!
-for punishment by
lesbian matron.
00 592 580 209

STRICT, HARSH
PE. MISTRESS!
-water sports with
female students.
00 592 580 210

CRUEL WIFE FORCES
T.V. HUSBAND!
-to watch 5 "real" men
fuck her.
00 592 580 211

NEW W.R.A.C. RECRUIT
DISCIPLINED!
-in front of
entire regiment.
00 592 585 001

MADE TO
SWALLOW SPUNK!
-bound to a chair to have
my mouth fucked.
00 592 585 002



Shave my cunt
& lick it out!
Lucy
00 592 585 008



Bend me over & fuck me hard
-where it stings
Love & Kisses
Caroline
00 592 585 009

AUNTIE SLAPS NIECES
BOTTOM!
-then insists she licks her
cunt out.
00 592 585 003

ULTIMATE WETTING
-Lady boss showers her
smart new secretary.
00 592 585 004

LICK MY CUNT OUT!
-W.P.C. eats cunt as
she's spanked.
00 592 585 005

BITCH WIFE STRAPS
ON DILDO!
-husband bends over &
takes it like a man.
00 592 585 006

SOAKING
WET PANTIES!
-cover the burning stripes
across my bottom.
00 592 585 007

HOUSEWIFE
PHONE
CONTACTS
0891 245 377

Mandy's Filthy Phone Fucks

LET ME PHONE FUCK YOU
HARD 1-2-1
00 592 589 002

FELICITY (London Solicitor)- "At Night
I'm a lesbian prostitute, I lick out womens cunts
for money." **00 592 586 208**

ANGELA (38)- "I can't believe I did it, I let 6 builders fuck me
in one afternoon." **00 592 586 209**

JOANNE - "I bent right over & pulled my cheeks wide apart,
he fucked me until I couldn't stand." **00 592 586 210**

18YR OLD WAITRESS - "I was squatted over & showered
by my filthy lesbian boss." **00 592 586 595**

KATE (55yr old Auntie)- "I deliberately seduced my nephew
into fucking me." **00 592 586 596**

SOPHIE (Bank Clerk)- "I never thought I'd take it from the
rear, until I met Mr.Stevens." **00 592 586 597**

MISS JAMES (22yr old School Teacher)- "I was spanked &
fucked by the games master." **00 592 586 598**

CATHY (24yr old Newlywed)- "My husband watched as I
swallowed the spunk from 2 black guys." **00 592 586 599**

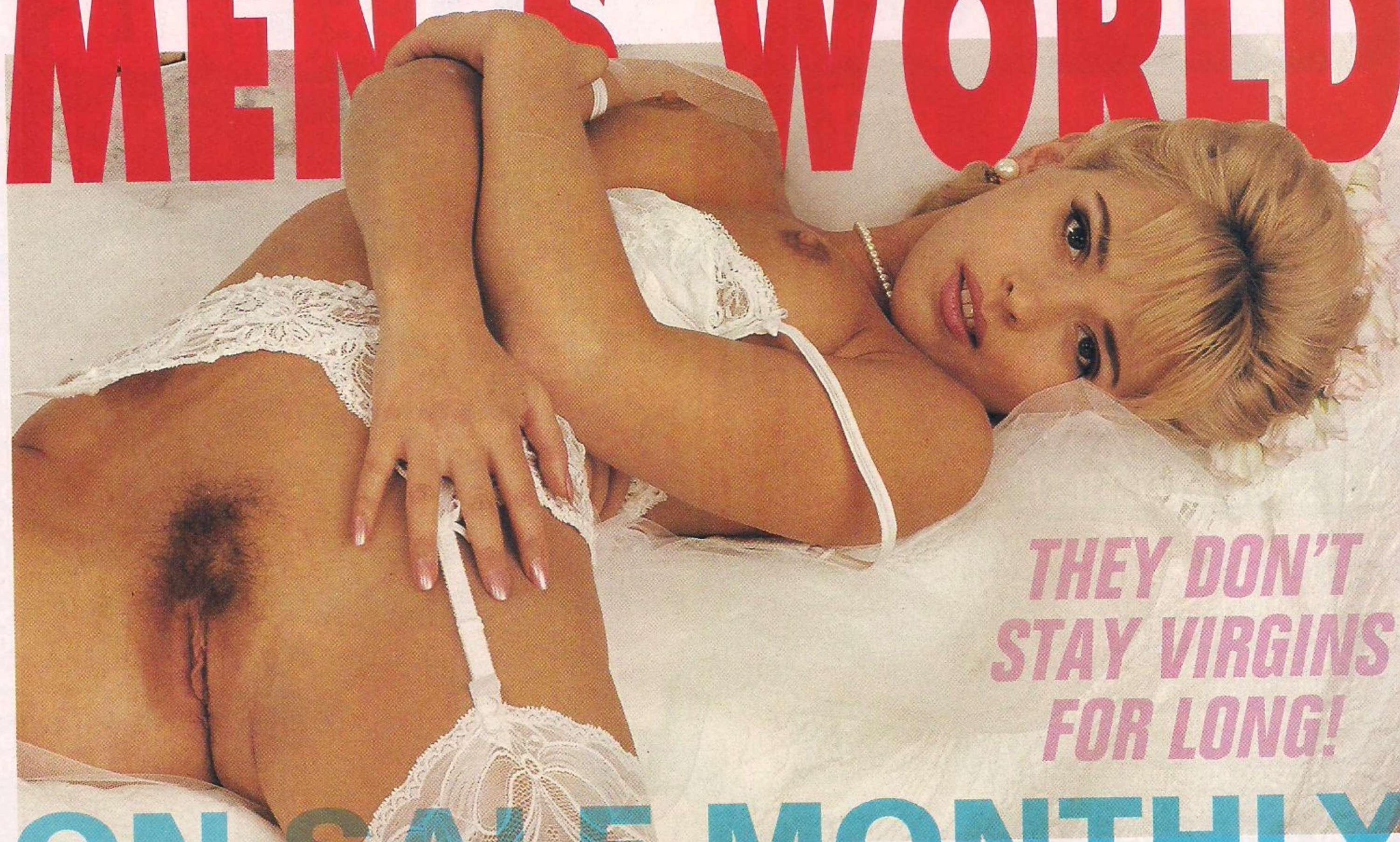
SHARON (20yr old Secretary)- "I had to spank the new girl,
as my boss came in her mouth." **00 592 589 000**

CAROL (29 & Married)- "It was so awful being caught licking
out my mother-in-law." **00 592 589 001**



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MEN'S WORLD



THEY DON'T
STAY VIRGINS
FOR LONG!

ON SALE MONTHLY

after copping off with a right little tease.

Friday night, I went down to see Brian and we went to the one pub in his village with his dull mates. I was having a crap time until this girl walked in; tight little mini dress, knee-high boots, she was a real looker. I must have been staring a bit too much. Brian dug me in the ribs. "Keep your hands off her, mate. I know Stacy and she's spoken for," Luckily, her bloke had been left at home, so I moved straight in on her. We spent a while tak-



ing the piss out of Brian's mates until they got the hump and headed off to play pool, leaving Stacy and me getting cosy in the corner. After a few drinks, Stacy loosened up, confiding that she was bored with her man, and fancied a fling. "And I fancy it right now!" she giggled, steering me into the Ladies before I had the chance to be a gentleman and offer my services.

Then she grabbed my arse and shoved her hungry tongue down my throat. Fighting the urge to punch the air and yell "Yes!", I made the most of our snog. Not needing any encouragement, Stacy dragged me to the nearest cubicle, breathing, "I've always wanted to do this," and fished my cock out of my trousers! As she used both hands to expertly wank me off, I relived countless wet dreams, lifting her skirt to rub her hot pussy. Wriggling a finger round the damp crotch of her panties, I slid two fingers up her, my balls swelling with spunk. At last, I gave in to her pleas for a good hard shag and whammed my cock into her snatch. Stacy went cock-crazy, bucking against me and grunting, getting louder as she started

CONTINUED ON PAGE 98

RACHEL

PHOTOGRAPHS
BY
MARC SAVILLE

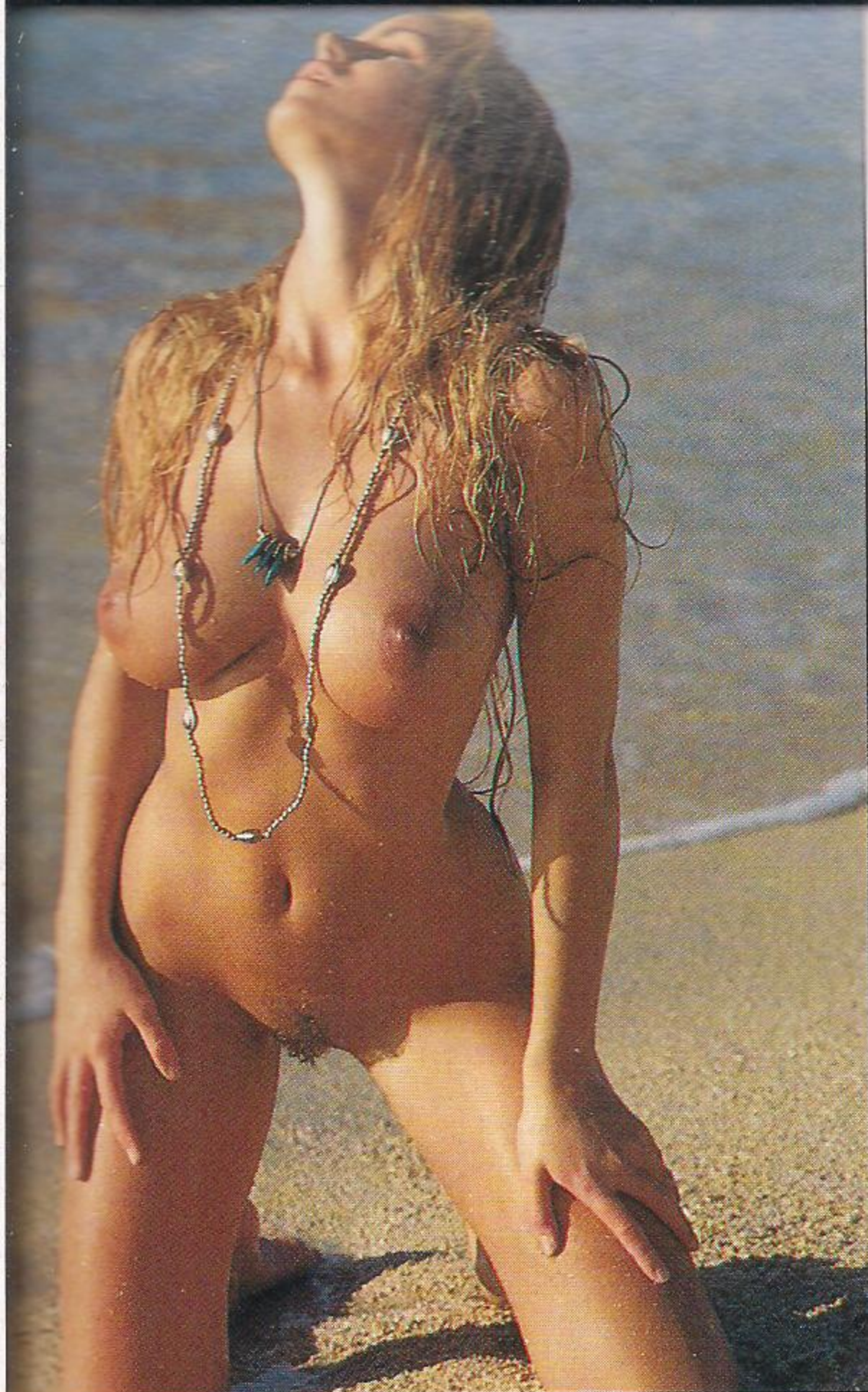




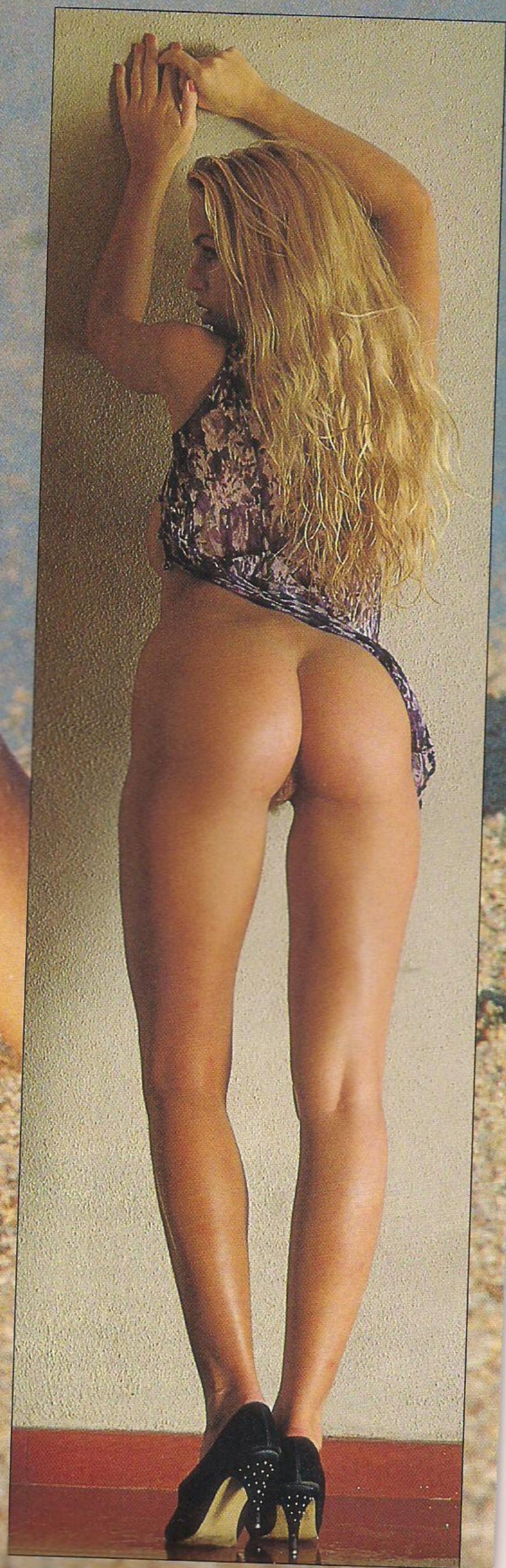
What could be more idyllic? It's dawn and you're wandering along a deserted Mediterranean beach – deserted that is save for the naked form of 20-year-old Rachel Smith-Edwards. "Heaven for me is waking my body up by bathing nude in the warm sea," says the Stevenage secretary. "The waves tease my bare pussy, making my skin tingle, and licking my nipples like a gentle salty tongue. It's the best foreplay I know, making me feel relaxed but horny, ready for a lovely long day of gentle kissing, cuddling and slow sensual sex!

"Trouble is it's only for two weeks! The rest of the year, it's a frantic shower and the bus into town. If only I could live like this forever – I'd have the most pampered pussy in the world!" 









NEXT MONTH IN **MAYFAIR**

THE TWO-HEADED GIRL!



Blimey, imagine that, eh! One girl, two mouths; one to suck you off with and the other to nag you about never doing the dishes because you're just too preoccupied with reading the new super-booby issue of sex-mad *Mayfair*. Perfect! No other men's magazine gives you so much for so little.

VOLUME 30 NUMBER 9
ON SALE 24TH AUGUST

L e t t e r s

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 93

to come. She made so much noise that I heard girls just outside the toilet door, giggling and wondering what was going on (as if they couldn't work it out) so I pulled out of her, still rock-solid, and asked if she wouldn't mind being a bit quieter. Luckily, she giggled and dropped to her knees and sucked my hard-on into her mouth. As well as shutting her up, I was also treated to a killer blow-job.

The last I saw of Stacy, after she handed me her panties as a souvenir, was her running off down the street and jumping into a taxi. But then I looked at her knickers, to get a quick sniff of the crotch, and noticed something scribbled on the gusset – her phone number. I've arranged to see her in a few weeks.

Thanks, Stacy, you're doing a

good job of livening up one of Britain's sleepest villages! – S Birmingham

DREAM GIRL

Karina (Vol. 30 No. 5) has to be one of the horniest models you've ever featured. Every time I look at the picture of her, my dick goes completely hard, without any help from me! Karina's body is just perfect, with firm tits and a lovely bum. She obviously looks after herself well. Added to this, she has an attractive face with a well-sexy smile.

Hardly a day goes by without me dreaming of holding her breasts and teasing her nipples with my thumb until they stand out hard, then moving down her body to have a good taste of Karina's pussy, and licking her clit until she orgasms. Then, I dream of getting hold of my cock and pushing it deep into her pussy, which is tight and juicy, and shagging her until we both come in a sweet climax.

Then to cool down, I lick her soft skin dry until we're both so horny that having sex again is a matter of urgency. With a curvy bum like her's, I hope Karina loves being taken from behind and would thrust her cheeks against me as my cock slides in and out.

As I write, my cock is starting to harden just thinking about what Karina's really like in bed. To say it is better to give than to receive, and I'm sure Karina can have many happy hours in bed finding out. All I can say is: please feature her again, and again, and again. – Michael Bournemouth



DAMMIT ROBIN, THAT'S NOT THE BAT SIGNAL